

The Cleanup

written by
Jack Dimsdale & Chris Brookes

Email: Chris-liv@hotmail.co.uk

FADE IN:

INT. LUNCH ROOM IN AN OFFICE

A small outdated TV screen is shown, the news is on, featuring the biggest trial in recent years. A small group of people, some standing and some sitting are paying very close attention. One man toward the back of the room eating his lunch alone seemingly oblivious.

NEWS READER

Many people are calling this the biggest trial of the century as MICHAEL SANTINO faces a life sentence if found guilty of the murders of two police officers 6 months ago. All evidence has been presented and the jury have been sent to make their decision. Due to the high profile nature of this case and the alleged connection with the SANTINO crime family security has become a priority with both a heavy police and FBI presence. We believe from a reliable source that the case against Michael Santino is overwhelming and it is expected that a decision will be made quickly.

ANCHORMAN (V.O)

Thanks Becky, in other news...

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR

THE BOSS is showing around a NEWBIE, they walk past the lunch room. Newbie stops to look through the window. A lone figure at the back of the room vacantly staring forward taking slow bites from his sandwich. He is somewhere between the ages of forty and fifty, though his unkempt beard leans toward the latter.

THE BOSS

There's tea, coffee and if you're lucky you might find a donut or two.

NEWBIE

Who's he?

Newbie looks around and realises The Boss has walked away and hasn't heard his question. He looks back at ERIC for a second and then turns to catch up with The Boss.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE BOOTH

FRANK MORGAN is sat opposite a stranger in a booth in a run down best coffee in America type place. Conversation is one way.

FRANK

You're gonna have to be on top of your game to get this guy.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BULLPEN

Eric is at his desk doing his work. Tapping away on his keyboard as if it's the most important job in the world.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE BOOTH

FRANK

He's the baddest motherfucker in the business.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BULLPEN

Eric looks to the clock on the wall to his left, it's 1:04 pm and THE MAILMAN is late again.

FRANK (V.O.)

Now listen, he's been doing this a long time, so he knows every trick in the book, I hope to Christ you got some of your own.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BULLPEN

The RATTLE of the trolley can be heard from across the room which alerts Eric to The Mailman. The Mailman gets to Eric and walks past him, Eric realises he has no post and carries on working.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE BOOTH

Frank is sat looking at the stranger intently as the stranger makes no movement and sits in the shadow of the table light.

FRANK

I'm sure I don't need to tell you that this stays between us, we're both fucked if this gets out, you might not value your life but I don't wanna get clipped cuz some fucker wasn't quick enough on the draw.

Frank slides a manila envelope across the desk to the stranger. It is unopened but has "1/1" written on the side.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Get it done.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BULLPEN

Eric is working on his computer. He is wearing a crisp white shirt and black tie. He stops and looks to the clock. It is 4:59pm, he stares at the clock until it ticks over to 5pm. He checks his watch to check his time matches and it say's 4:59pm. Once it ticks to 5pm, he gathers his coat and shuts down his computer.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING

Eric leaves the door to his office and walks down the road, he sees a few of his work colleague's outside talking.

COLLEAGUE

See you tomorrow

Eric puts his hand in the air and waves, not uttering a word or looking back to see who it was.

ESTABLISHING SHOT EXT. BAR - NIGHT

INT. BAR

ERIC is sat at the bar on his own. It's quiet and dingy. He is drinking a scotch with a dash of water, no ice. The TV on the wall behind the bar can be seen in the background. News of the trial is on. An OLD MAN walks into the bar and sits next to ERIC.

OLD MAN

The usual, and another scotch.

The Old Man looks up at the tv intently and turns to Eric.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Are you watching this crap? He killed two cops, two normal guys with families who get a funeral and a shitty pension. Twenty years ago this trial wouldn't have lasted a day, now I hear them talking about him going free because the damn jury can't agree on whether he did it or not.

ERIC

Do you think he did it?

OLD MAN

Does it matter what I think? What kind of asshole thinks a cop killer should go free?!

THE BARTENDER finishes making the drinks for Eric and The Old Man, he walks back over to where they are sitting and puts the two glasses in front of each of them.

BARTENDER

Do you ever shut up?

OLD MAN

you sound like my wife.

ERIC

Can I get some ice?

BARTENDER

Sorry Eric I'm all out.

Eric picks up his drink and quickly dispatches the rest of the glass.

He stands up and put's his coat on and begins to walk out, as he walks past The Old Man he gives him a friendly pat on the back.

ERIC

See you tomorrow.

Before he get's to the door The Old Man shouts to him. Eric doesn't turn but does respond in a sarcastic way.

OLD MAN

Hey Eric what do you think, do you think he did it?

ERIC

Doesn't matter what I think, what kind of asshole thinks a cop killer should go free?

EXT. OUTSIDE APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Eric walks down the street and into an apartment complex, the complex is clean with green gardens outside each apartment. He walks up to his front door and enters his building.

INT. APARTMENT

Eric locks the door behind him and walks down the hall, it's a modern apartment but minimalist.

He walks past a room and checks the door is locked. Once in the kitchen he turns on the TV. The news is on.

He takes a plate of leftover food from the fridge and uses the microwave to heat it up. He grabs a bottle of scotch from the cupboard and a glass and begins to pour himself a drink.

ANCHORMAN (V.O)

The jury were sent away this morning and we had word just a few hours ago that a decision was ready to be made, however we learned just a short time ago that that decision has since been changed. Our sources have told us that one or more members of the jury have taken issue with a number of the pieces of evidence that were presented earlier this week in the case.

(MORE)

ANCHORMAN (V.O) (CONT'D)

It seems clear at this point in time that the jury may need as much time as possible to come to a decision. A large amount of security are once again outside the courthouse, they will most probably be here for the next few days along with what seems like every news van from every station here. I'll be bringing you more on this story tomorrow as it comes in.

He takes the food from the microwave and turns off the TV. He picks up his drink off the side and turns out of the kitchen, down the hall and into his bedroom shutting the door behind him.

INT. FRANKS OFFICE

FRANK is sat at his desk on his laptop, the phone rings.

FRANK

yep?

CUT TO:

INT. BACK OFFICE

A man is sat at his desk, the room is dingy, barely lit by the lamp in front of him. There is clearly a presence in the room but it is unclear how many people are there. The man is middle aged, well dressed and well groomed. He speaks calmly, with a slightly mocking tone.

MAN ON PHONE

Is this the office of Frank Morgan?

CUT TO:

FRANK

Speaking.

VINCENT (V.O)

Hi it's VINCENT calling from Boston.

FRANK

How the fuck did you get this number?

CUT TO:

VINCENT

Now now Francis, that's not very nice.

CUT TO:

FRANK

I told you not to call me.

VINCENT (V.O)

You don't tell me what to do Frank. That's not how this works.

FRANK

(Anxiously)

What do you want?

VINCENT (V.O)

How did our little meeting go?

FRANK

Don't worry it's all sorted.

CUT TO:

VINCENT

(Gradually shouting)

Well Frank I am worried. We wouldn't be in this fucking mess if it wasn't for you so don't tell me it's sorted if it fucking isn't.

FRANK (V.O)

Look once this is done we can all go back to our own lives and forget this ever happened. Just trust me.

VINCENT

Frank, one thing I never do is trust people who feel the need to tell me to trust them.

CUT TO:

FRANK

I've got one of my best guys on it.

CUT TO:

VINCENT

Good, the next time we speak I want only good news. Or, it'll be the last time we speak.

FRANK

Don't wor...

Frank is abruptly cut off mid sentence as Vincent hangs up the phone.

INT. BACK OFFICE

Vincent puts the phone down and shows his anger from his conversation with Frank. He addresses the room and we are presented with a room full of people.

VINCENT

That motherfucking cock sucker! I
Fuckin hate that guy! I'm this
close...

Vincent gestures with his fingers an inch apart.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

...And I'll be fucked if it's
because of this little rat that I'm
not sitting in this chair in a
week.

An OLD GANGSTER speaks up from the back of the room.

OLD GANGSTER

What about your brother?

Vincent starts playing with a biro from his desk.

VINCENT

My brother? My brother killed two
cops in broad daylight, got caught
and deserves everything he gets.

OLD GANGSTER

(Angrily)

Michael wouldn't say the same if it
was you. He's got more loyalty.

VINCENT

You wanna talk to me about loyalty?
I'm sitting here trying to figure
out a way of keeping all of you out
of jail and you got the nerve to
talk to me about loyalty. Do you
wanna sit in the chair?

OLD GANGSTER

(Worried)

I didn't mean anything by it, I Was just sayin.

VINCENT

No seriously stand up and come sit in the chair, we all know that's what you've wanted for years.

OLD GANGSTER

I don't...

VINCENT

I'm not gonna tell you again.

The Old Gangster stands up and looks around the room for a glimmer of support, the others just turn away and say nothing. He goes over to the chair and Vincent forces him to sit with his hands on his shoulders. He stands over him as he speaks to the room.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Comfortable?

The Old Gangster nods his head anxiously.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

(Patronisingly)

Ok then, what do you think we should do, boss?

OLD GANGSTER

I...

Vincent stops him abruptly as he puts one of his hands on his head and violently stabs a biro into his neck repeatedly. Blood spits everywhere. Everybody is surprised. He casually pushes the Old Gangster's head to the side of the chair and he slumps off to the floor. Vincent replaces him in the chair casually using a handkerchief to wipe blood from his face. THREE MEN remove the body from the room.

VINCENT

Anyone else?

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Eric's alarm clock goes off. It reads 6:32am. He turns it off and get's up. He showers and brushes his teeth, then goes back into the bedroom to get dressed.

He goes to his wardrobe and pulls out a draw full of watches, he hesitates as if this is the most important choice of his day. Once dressed he takes a look in the mirror and leaves the room.

EXT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

ERIC locks the door. He get's to the end his complex, he stop's and checks his watch. He stand's for a second and looks to the end of the street. A few seconds later he checks his watch again and looks to the same street as before, this time the postman walks around the corner. The postman walks on past Eric.

POSTMAN

Nothing today, sorry.

Eric checks his watch and begins his walk to work.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

We see Eric enter the front door to his office.

INT. OFFICE BULLPEN

Eric is sat at his desk doing his work, he furiously types on the keyboard.

INT. LUNCH ROOM IN AN OFFICE

Eric is sat alone at the table eating his lunch, the TV is on in the background. The news is on. "TRIAL: DAY TWO"

INT. OFFICE BULLPEN

Eric is sat at his desk. The Mailman is late again. The RATTLE of the trolley making its way down the hall to his cubicle. It pulls level with him and makes its way past to the next cubicle. Eric seems unphased by this and carries on tapping away on his keyboard.

INT. OFFICE BULLPEN - LATER

Eric is sat at his desk finishing off some work. He looks at the clock on the wall which reads 4:59pm. Once both the clock and his watch say 5pm, he leaves.

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF EXT. BAR - NIGHT

INT. BAR

Eric is sat alone at the bar. He has a glass of scotch in his hand. The TV is on in the background with the sound turned up. Eric seems uninterested in the TV and just carries on drinking. The Old Man enters the bar and sits next to Eric, he pays immediate attention to the TV and listens intently.

ANCHORMAN

So it's the second day of the jury's deliberation and it seems no clear end is in sight. Our sources have informed us that they are still having issues with one or more members of the jury unable to agree with the evidence presented last week. Many people have gathered outside the courtroom and have been here all day with some clashing with police. Four arrests have been made so far and it's expected more will come before the end of the week.

OLD MAN

I bet the guys he works with are laughing at this shit right now. Everybody in this city knows who he is, he doesn't work in a coffee shop or a bar, he runs riot on these streets killing cops and destroying families. How many more need to die for the people in charge to wake up and realise the only place that this guy needs to be is in a room with a window just big enough for him to see the sun rise and set every day.

Eric seems uninterested with the Old Man's ramblings and carries on drinking from his glass. The Barman turns the sound off and the Old Man orders a drink.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

The usual please and a scotch.

The Old Man nods in Eric's direction then turns to him. Eric keeps his head down, staring into his drink.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

You look tired Eric.

ERIC

Then I look exactly how I feel.

OLD MAN

You ever think about retiring?

ERIC

Everyday.

OLD MAN

And what's the answer?

ERIC

I'll retire when I'm dead.

OLD MAN

That might be sooner than you think kid. I retired fifteen years ago and I enjoy every single minute of it.

ERIC

(gesturing to the dark walls of the bar)

You call this enjoyment? Sitting here, night after night?

OLD MAN

(Smiling)

I like to come see my friends

The Barman places the drinks down on the bar and lingers, listening to the two men.

ERIC

(to the barman)

Can I get some ice?

BARMAN

Sure thing. Gimme a sec.

Eric immediately stands up and makes his way into the bathroom with a clear sense of urgency. He enters the third cubicle along, furthest away from the door and locks it behind him.

As he emerges he is placing a manila envelope into the inside of his jacket. He makes his way back out into the bar, stops to finish his scotch, now with a single ice cube floating in it, and heads toward the door.

OLD MAN

Hey, aren't you gonna stay for another?

ERIC

Not tonight Old Man, I have work tomorrow.

OLD MAN

(Turning back to the TV)
I'm telling ya kid. Re-tirement.

EXT. OUTSIDE APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Eric walks down the familiar street and into the apartment complex using the same gate he always uses. The street lamps light his path like an airport runway.

He walks to his door, unlocks it and walks through closing the door behind him.

INT. APARTMENT

Eric locks the door and walks straight into his bedroom, he quickly reappears and unlocks the locked door. He steps inside, and again, only rustling can be heard before he quickly exits, and unsurprisingly locks the door. He turns to make his way back to his bedroom.

FADE OUT:

INT. PRISON CELL

MICHAEL is sat in his cell, a prison guard calls him.

PRISON GUARD

You got a visitor.

Vincent steps around the corner as Michael stands to greet him. No emotion is shown until the prison guard walks away.

VINCENT

How's it going brother?

MICHAEL

I'm in here, what do you think?

VINCENT

We're close, I spoke to Frank and he's sending some guy down to clean up this mess.

MICHAEL

Fuckin Frank?! You couldn't get anyone else? We can't trust that fuck.

VINCENT

He owes me a favour, he ain't stupid enough to fuck it up, values his life too much.

Michael sighs and turns to face the inside of his cell.

MICHAEL

I shouldn't be in here Vinny, I want you to find out what happened. I Can't fucking stand this place, just the smell of those fuckin pigs makes me wanna chuck!

Michael turns to face Vincent.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I need you to find out who it was set me up.

VINCENT

I'm already on it, we'll have you out soon, just sit tight.

MICHAEL

Don't fuck this up Vinny, we got things to do.

Vincent smiles and speaks as he walks away.

VINCENT

Trust me, I got this.

As Vincent leaves Michael turns toward his cell and his head drops.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Eric wakes before his alarm, the instant it turns to 6:32am he slaps his hand down and turns it off. Eric continues with his normal routine.

EXT. OUTSIDE APARTMENT COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

Eric locks the door, he looks down the same street, looks at his watch and lets out an annoyed sigh. The Postman comes around the corner and hands him a manila envelope.

Without taking a glance at the package he immediately puts it in his inside jacket pocket all while he begins his walk to work.

INT. LUNCH ROOM IN AN OFFICE

Eric is sat alone eating his lunch. The TV is on in the background.

INT. OFFICE BULLPEN - LATER

The clock can clearly be seen behind Eric, the time reads 1:06pm, Eric checks the time on his watch. The sound of the Mailman's trolley can be heard. It squeaks to Eric's cubicle. It stops and Eric looks up at the Mailman.

MAILMAN

Three of three.

The Mailman promptly leaves. Eric stands up, collects his things and heads towards the exit.

INT. APARTMENT

Eric enters his apartment. He walks down the hall to his bedroom and goes straight to his watch drawer, he opens it up and lifts up a concealed compartment to reveal a golden ring, a small picture frame with a worn developed photo inside and a brass key. Eric goes to pick up the key but he lingers for a second over the photo of a young woman and a much younger Eric, then picks up the key and closes the draw.

He unlocks the bedroom door. Inside is a small flat screen TV, a desk with a laptop computer, and a bottle of scotch with a lone tumbler. Eric sits and uses the same key to open a draw, inside is a long stainless steel safety deposit box.

Inside are the first manila envelope, three small bundles of foreign currency and a packet of cigarettes with a zippo lighter. Eric takes the manila envelope and opens the contents onto the table. A passport and a plane ticket. He opens the next envelope. An electronic key card for a hotel door and some car keys. He opens the third and final envelope which contains a bundle of small business cards, there is a mark on the back of each card which can't quite be made out.

Eric studies the cards for a second and puts them back on the table with the rest of the contents. Eric takes the cigarettes from the box and turns the TV on, news of the trial can be heard on the TV.

FADE OUT;

FADE IN;

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Eric leaves the bedroom and locks the door behind him, he is wearing a brown leather jacket with dark jeans and boots. He is also carrying a small black bag filled with clothes. The sort of bag used for an overnight stay. Eric leaves via the front door and locks it behind him.

INT. AIRPORT BAR - LATER

Eric is sat on his own at a small airport departure lounge bar waiting for a flight.

The TV is on behind the bar with news of the trial on. He is sat looking into his drink very intensely as if he is trying to work the world out.

A STRANGER comes and sits close to Eric further down the bar, he is dressed in a suit and looks very sharp like he is going to a business meeting.

Shortly after taking his seat he orders a drink, a large scotch with ice. He speaks to Eric while waiting for his drink.

STRANGER

What's the scotch like here?

At this moment Eric is finishing his drink.

ERIC

It's good enough to get another.

Eric gestures the empty glass toward the barman whilst he gives the Stranger his drink.

The stranger takes a glance at ERIC'S bag.

STRANGER

Packing light.

ERIC

Huh?

STRANGER

The bag, not expecting to stay too long?

ERIC
It's a work thing.

STRANGER
Oh yeah? Anywhere nice?

ERIC
Boston, just a couple of days.

STRANGER
Boston huh... some dangerous
neighborhoods around Boston, let's
hope your staying in the nice part
of town.

Eric and the stranger share eye contact and the smallest of
grins is barely visible on both faces.

ERIC
I'm sure I can look after myself.
But thanks for the concern.

STRANGER
Hey just don't want you ending up
like these poor bastards.

The stranger points to the TV screen showing pictures of the
two policemen killed.

Both Eric and the stranger look at the TV.

ERIC
They say who did it?

The stranger looks to Eric with a confused look on his face.

STRANGER
What d'you mean? You not been
watching this? It's all over the
news man. They're saying it was the
SANTINO family but I'm not so sure,
there usually smarter than that.

Eric looks to the man with another slightly bigger grin.

ERIC
You sound like you know your stuff.

STRANGER
I know a lot of things...

The announcement for the arrival of the strangers flight is
heard.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Flight 423 to Boston is now
boarding, please make your way to
gate 3. Remember to take all
luggage with you and have your
passports ready for inspection,
thank you.

The stranger winks at Eric as he get's up to leave.

STRANGER
...maybe I'll tell you about them
on the way back through.

The stranger leaves to his gate.

Eric takes a quick look behind him to the man as he walks
away smiling.

Eric turns back, finishes his drink, picks up his bag and
walks to gate 3.

INT. AIRPORT ARRIVALS

Eric is walking through airport security, the border control
check his passport and he walks through with his hand
luggage. He walks to the local car rental booth to collect
the car he received in one of his envelopes. Eric picks up
his car and drives off.

EXT. HOTEL

Eric drives to the hotel reception where a valet takes the
keys and gets in the car. Eric walks to the hotel lobby.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Eric enters his room, looks around walks to the curtains and
closes them. He looks to the group of leaflets by the phone,
he picks up the third one in, a leaflet for a National Park,
with an image of a cable car on the front. He puts the
leaflet in his pocket and goes to leave the room. The phone
rings and Eric pick up the receiver.

STRANGER
Just checking you arrived.

ERIC
Safe and sound.

STRANGER

Get as much info as you can and
I'll do the same my end.

ERIC

Where's the meet?

STRANGER

Twenty four hours, Harbour, 10pm.
Make sure your not followed. We
don't have long to do this so make
it count.

ERIC

You can't rush a professional,
don't use this phone again, I'll
contact you.

Eric puts the phone down and leaves the room.

EXT. NATIONAL PARK

Eric makes his way to the cable car station. It is empty,
save a few members of staff, a small group of tourists and
Frank, waiting to get on.

FRANK

There he is. I was worried you were
going to be late.

ERIC

I'm never late, Frank.

Both enter the car and take a seat. The man offers his hand
to Eric.

FRANK

Nice to see you, buddy.

Eric shakes his hand.

ERIC

So, what do you know?

FRANK

Well, you ain't gonna be happy, as
usual. I've got fucking nothing.

ERIC

As usual. If you've got nothing,
why did you get me all the way out
here?

FRANK

Because you're needed. Same as always...

ERIC

Frank, I only brought 3 fucking shirts with me. I was planning on a quick trip.

FRANK

Don't your hotel got a laundry service? It's fine, we've just gotta do some of the work while you're here.

ERIC

You mean I have to do some of the work while I'm here.

FRANK

Hey man, you know I'm here for you. It'll be just like Budapest '98.

ERIC

I didn't like Budapest '98.

FRANK

(laughing)

You don't like fucking anything.

ERIC

I like being able to do my job, and not having to do your job in the process.

FRANK

That hurts. Have I ever let you down?

ERIC

Budapest '98.

The pair look at each other and share a laugh.

FRANK

Hey man, that wasn't my fault! I wasn't the one throwing people outta fucking windows. How high was that anyway? Like 15 stories?

ERIC

I only had to do that because you hadn't done your job properly. And it was 17.

Both laugh again.

FRANK

You know, if I were more of an asshole, I might point out to you that my side of the job is the hard part. People don't really like talking to me all that much.

ERIC

That's because you're an asshole Frank. Your job is only hard because you make it hard.

FRANK

I can't argue with that. Look, I do know a couple of things. I know Vincent is in town, and he's sure to know what the fuck is going on.

ERIC

(Expectantly)

So, I trust you're going to speak to him?

FRANK

You fucking kidding? That guy hates me. He's more likely to put a bullet in my face than answer my fucking questions.

Frank turns to Eric with a sly grin on his face.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I was thinking you could meet up with him.

Eric turns to Frank with a stone cold expression on his face.

ERIC

One of these days it's gonna be me that puts a bullet through your fucking face.

FRANK

(Excitedly)

Ohhhh, speaking of which, I have a present for you.

Frank reaches under the seat he is sat on and pulls out a small object wrapped in a plastic bag and hands it to Eric.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Standard issue. Untraceable. No serial number. No previous owners. No prior mileage.

ERIC

One day I'm gonna get tired of getting these.

FRANK

I doubt that very much, my friend.

ERIC

Where can I find him?

FRANK

Yeah, I don't know that either.

ERIC

You're fucking useless.

FRANK

You don't mean that! All you need to do is cause a scene, he'll hear about it.

ERIC

I didn't come here to piss him off.

FRANK

We both know he's more scared of you, than you are him.

The cable car starts it's entry to the station at the top of the cliff.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I've heard that a few of his boys have been let off their leash Downtown. They're only small fry, but you can go and introduce yourself. Just try not to kill anyone.

ERIC

You know I don't make promises I can't keep, Frank.

The doors of the cable car open and Frank steps out. He turns to Eric and nods goodbye. Eric doesn't respond. The doors close and the cable car starts it's descent. Once at the bottom, Eric heads back to his car.

EXT./INT. CAR (OUTSIDE ELECTRONIC SHOP)

Eric walks from the door of the shop and get's in the car, he empties a bag on the passenger seat, the contents being a cheap mobile phone and a sim card. He puts it all together and dials a number to make a call.

STRANGER

Yep?

ERIC

We need to meet sooner.

STRANGER

Tonight. Same place, same time.

Eric removes the battery and the sim card from the phone and throws the phone from the window, he wraps the sim card and battery in a tissue and uses a lighter to set fire to it, he uses the flames from the tissue to light a cigarette and throws the clump of flaming tissue onto the floor.

He drives off with purpose.

INT. BACK OFFICE

Vincent is sat at his desk with a few of his men and Joe. He is organising his men. He has already sent a few on their way and they are leaving as he speaks.

VINCENT

And I need you three to collect a late payment, It's two weeks shy. Teach the fucker a lesson and make an example.

The three men leave, leaving JOE and Vincent alone.

JOE

You got anything for me?

VINCENT

Not today, I need you around for now, I don't trust anyone else.

JOE

What's goin on Vinny?

VINCENT

It's a big week for us, we need to make sure everything runs smoothly and without a hitch. Keep an eye on Frank, I don't trust the prick.

(MORE)

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Anyone plays you up you send em to me, I'm giving you power here Joe, the guys like you, your my eyes and ears. You hear anything strange or so much as the squeak of a rat you tell me.

JOE

You got it.

Joe gets up to leave.

JOE (CONT'D)

And boss...don't worry about your brother, we'll get this whole thing straightened out and we can go back to the way things used to be.

Joe smiles and leaves the room. Vincent pours himself a drink from the decanter on his desk and takes a swig staring into the middle distance.

EXT. HARBOUR - NIGHT

Eric is stood at the end of the dock looking out to sea. A Stranger's footsteps can be heard behind him, he doesn't turn as the man approaches.

ERIC

Evening SAM.

The stranger from the airport is revealed.

SAM

So, they put you in a nice part of town?

ERIC

Did they? If that's the case I don't want to see the shitty side.

STRANGER

Who are you kidding? We know that's where you thrive. How bad is it?

ERIC

The worst I've seen in a long time. He's got nothing.

SAM

As usual.

ERIC
 Vincent's involved. More than we
 knew.

STRANGER
 Fuck.

ERIC
 Any bright ideas?

STRANGER
 Isn't that your job?

ERIC
 You sound like Frank.

STRANGER
 Now, now, don't say anything you
 can't take back.

ERIC
 I'm heading downtown in the
 morning. See if I can't draw
 someone out.

STRANGER
 Ok, but remember we only need the
 location. We got everything else.

ERIC
 See you soon, Sam.

Eric turns and walks away and leaves Sam with one last
 cryptic comment.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 Oh, when the time comes, make it
 look real!

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - MORNING

Eric is sat with a coffee and an empty plate of food, a
 cooked breakfast with all the trimmings. He has a paper and
 seems to be catching up on recent news. The waitress offers
 him a refill of coffee, Eric accepts.

As he reads the paper we see it from his point of view and a
 headline that reads:

"SANTINO CRIME FAMILY BROKEN"

Eric puts down the paper, takes a sip of coffee and leaves.

EXT. HOTEL CAR PARK

ERIC leaves the hotel car park in his rental car and drives off up the street.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DOWNTOWN

Eric takes a drag of his cigarette. He is parked opposite a small Deli. 3 men exit the shop. The first, STOCKY, gets in the drivers side of a car, the second, SHORTY, is counting money and the third, the HULK of the 3 men, is using what looks like an apron to wipe blood from his hands. Eric follows the men.

They stop at a small DIY store. The three men enter, this time Eric gets out of his car to buy a coffee from slightly further up the street. He lights another cigarette and walks across the road, to a side alley, perpendicular with the shop. He moves to a window in time to see a stockboy, no older than 18, get thrown across the room by the large thug.

SHOP OWNER

Please stop...this is all I have this week.

SHORTY

I'm afraid it ain't enough Chief. And this is your third strike. We warned you what would happen last time.

Stocky starts wrecking the shop, breaking anything he can. Shorty makes his way to the door and locks it. Eric casually takes a sip of his coffee as he watches. Stocky is now restraining the owner, Shorty carefully selects an orange run-of-the-mill screwdriver.

He makes his way behind the counter, Stocky places the owners right hand onto the worktop. Before the shop keeper can protest the screwdriver is slammed, sickeningly, into the middle of the back of his hand. The owner screams in agony.

SHOP OWNER

AHHHHHHH. I'm sorry, I'll have double next week. Please, no more.

SHORTY

Like I said, we warned you what would happen last time. You don't want to get us our money? That's fine, we'll get someone in who will.

Before he can reply Shorty swiftly stabs the shop keeper in the neck.

Eric makes his way out of the alley and back to his car. the three men leave. As they do so, Shorty casually tosses the screwdriver back through the door of the shop before getting into their car.

EXT. BAR

Eric pulls into a small car park at the back of a local bar. He enters the bar with confidence and three men playing pool, the three men he followed earlier, look up and watch him walk to the bar. He engages in conversation with the BARMAN who is weary that the three men are paying close attention to the conversation.

ERIC
Scotch on the rocks.

BARMAN
coming right up.

ERIC
Nice place.

BARMAN
Thanks, you look like you seen a few over the years.

ERIC
perks of the job.

The three men watching Eric become agitated and continue to follow the conversation.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Are your customers always this happy?

Eric gestures his head toward the three at the back of the bar.

BARMAN
What those guys? Don't worry about them, there harmless.

Eric turns his head while seated to get a better look at the men behind him, they continue to stare and mutter amongst themselves. Eric turns back to the Barman.

ERIC

Just three harmless guys with pool cues and an attitude.

The Barman places the glass of scotch in front of Eric and leans in to speak.

BARMAN

My advice? The type of people they got connections to, not worth the hassle man.

The Barman leans back as Eric gives him some money for the drink. Eric picks up the glass and looks at his watch for a second, a sly grin on the right side of his mouth can be seen as he drinks his scotch in one and slams it on the bar. He stands up and turns around to face the three men.

ERIC

Fancy a game?

Eric points to the old and dirty pool table.

SHORTY

Not today old man. me and my friends here are just enjoying a quiet drink and some pool, now why don't you turn back around and carry on crying into your drink.

Eric stands and stares at the three men for a second before speaking. Almost working them out.

ERIC

I would but I just finished my drink, unless one of you would like to buy me another?

The three men all look at each other and laugh, Eric awkwardly joins in the laughter and the three men stop and stare back at Eric, the three men become increasingly annoyed.

SHORTY

Look man, if you don't turn the fuck around me and my friends here will have to stop playing pool with these balls and play with your head.

ERIC

Wow, now that's not a very nice thing to say to a total stranger, I tell you what, I have one question to ask you, if you can answer it then I'll turn back around, buy another drink and leave you to your game.

SHORTY

Fine, make it quick.

ERIC

I'm looking for a guy goes by the name of Vincent you know him?

STOCKY

Wait a minute, I know who you are.

Stocky turns to Hulk who shares a look of apprehension. Shorty stands and stares directly at Eric sizing him up, Eric stares right back doing the same, flicking his eyes from man to man.

ERIC

So you obviously know me, but you didn't answer my question, know him?

SHORTY

Yeah we know him.

All three men stand up straight and become very arrogant all of a sudden.

STOCKY

And he definitely don't wanna see you anytime soon.

ERIC

Now isn't that a shame, because I need to ask him something.

SHORTY

Yeah well write him a letter or something, ain't that what guys your age do?

The Barman becomes concerned and speaks to the group.

BARMAN

Hey guys, you wanna take this outside? Your scaring away my regulars.

HULK

Shut up HAL and get this guy his
drink. we're done.

The three men turn around and start muttering between themselves, The barman walks away and begins to pour a drink for Eric.

ERIC

So listen guys, I'm gonna need you
to tell me where he is.

The three men turn to confront Eric.

SHORTY

No you listen, you got 5 seconds to
get the fuck outta here or we're
gonna bust your face open.

Eric turns around as the barman places his drink on the bar. He picks up the glass and drinks it. Eric turns and zips up his jacket. He walks past the pool table the three men are using and looks at it for a second. He reaches out to pick up the eight ball. The three men walk toward Eric holding their cues.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

Alright old man, you wanted this.

Eric grins. Hulk swings wildly and misses. Eric hits him around the side of the face with the eight ball he is holding and the man falls to the ground.

Stocky attempts to hit Eric. Eric turns to face him, stops the thrust with his hand and grabs the cue, he punches him square on the nose, popping it. Eric throws the cue to the floor and walks towards Shorty, who breaks his cue in half. Eric continues to walk toward him.

Shorty makes the first move thrusting toward Eric's midriff, Eric catches the cue and he hits Shorty across the temple. Eric pulls the cue from his grasp and thrusts it through his shoulder.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

AHHHH!

Shorty screams out in pain and falls to the ground. The barman then shouts to Eric as he is standing over the man.

BARMAN

Who the fuck are you man?!

ERIC (TO SHORTY)
Tell him I'm looking for him.

Shorty acknowledges Eric. Eric turns around and makes his way to the door. He leaves the bar.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Thanks for the drink.

INT. SMALL OFFICE - LATER

The three men stumble into an office. Sat at a desk is Vincent. He stops his conversation and looks up to the men. Shorty is the first to speak, holding his shoulder which has a large wound in it.

SHORTY
He's here.

Vincent, looking angry and confused responds.

VINCENT
What am I a fuckin mind reader?
Who's here? Did you get hit by a
car?

SHORTY
Eric. Eric's here.

Vincent's face goes from confusion to anger.

VINCENT
Who started it?

SHORTY
I didn't recognise him, he looks
old.

Vincent laughs and addresses the room.

VINCENT
I always hated that guy, he's got
no respect.

JOE
I heard he threw a guy off a roof?

VINCENT
Yeah 17 floors or some shit.
Listen, if he's back its for a
reason.

Vincent gestures towards Joe.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Joe take three guy's, go and pick him up.

Joe looks at the three men by the door.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Not these fuckin idiots! take the LOWELL BROTHERS. Bring him back here, make sure you search him before he gets through that door, he's a sneaky little prick.

Joe leaves.

VINCENT (TO THREE MEN) (CONT'D)

You three fuck off, don't come back.

The three men leave, Vincent opens a draw next to him and pulls out a black handgun, he checks the magazine and puts it down on the desk facing the door. He let's out a short sigh whilst an anxious look begins to cross his face.

EXT. PARK BY A LAKE - LATER

Eric is leaning on a fence by a lake. He rubs his hands together and feels his ring finger on his left hand as if something is missing, his face seems to suggest that he is sad but that quickly disappears.

A black 4x4 pulls up and 4 men get out of the car, he hears this and his attention briefly turns to the car before turning back toward the lake.

He turns and walks toward the car. As he gets to the car he pulls his hand gun from the back of his trousers, removes the magazine and cocks back the chamber to release the bullet and catches it with one hand and places it in his pocket. He gives the gun to Joe. He gets into the back of the car and is flanked by two men.

INT. 4X4 CAR

The journey in the car is completely silent until ERIC breaks it.

ERIC

This thing got a radio?

Joe reaches to the radio and turns it on, news of the trial is on and the car is still silent.

NEWS READER (V.O)

Today it was confirmed that a date has been set for the jury's decision, in two day's time the fate of Michael Santino will be read out by a panel of 12 signifying the end of what's been a very drawn out process made more difficult by the high profile nature of the case. Due to the security surrounding the courthouse a 2 block roadblock will be in force to enable the transportation in and out of the defendant.

Joe turns off the radio and huffs.

ERIC

Friend of yours?

Joe turns to look at Eric and gives him a sharp stare, he then turns back around to face the front. Eric smiles.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR

Eric and the four men are walking down the corridor to a door at the end. The men stop as they approach the door and Eric lifts his arms to the side. One of the men begins to frisk Eric for weapons, He finds nothing.

GOON #2

He's clean.

Eric puts his arms down and the men enter the room, two of the men walk through the door first, one walks left and one walks right. Eric then enters and is greeted with a smile by Vincent, he stands up and walks around the table to Eric, they shake hands and start to speak.

VINCENT

ERIC! It's good to see you, someone has seriously fucked up if they sent you.

ERIC

I don't think about the reasons, just the work.

The two men sit at the desk and continue the conversation.

VINCENT

So what brings you back to my town?

Eric Looks around the room and laughs.

ERIC

There is nothing about this place
that says to me this town is yours.

Vincent then looks around the room and smiles.

VINCENT

we're going through a transitional
period.

The two men stare at each other for a second then continue.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Why are you here?

ERIC

I need some information.

VINCENT

On what?

ERIC

it's who.

Vincent leans back in his chair. His eyes flick to his
handgun on the desk.

ERIC (CONT'D)

It's not you, however much I want
it to be.

VINCENT

So it's a who and your sat in my
office asking me for information,
means either I know the guy or
somehow we've got ties.

ERIC

Cut the shit, Frank told me you
were here.

VINCENT

Fucking Frank, I hate that guy.
Works with people like you every
day and still breathes.

Vincent sighs and leans forward in his chair.

Vincent turns his head to Joe and he instantly knows to clear the room leaving just the two of them.

Vincent gets out of his chair to stretch his legs to his drinks cabinet.

He pours two whiskeys from an old decanter into two glass tumblers.

He then walks back to his chair and places a glass in front of Eric and one in front of himself.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You know, we've known each other a long time Eric, we've done some fucked up shit together, had our ups and downs, in all those years I have never been able to understand why you do the work you do.

ERIC

It has it's pluses.

At this moment Eric picks up the drink and consumes it in one.

VINCENT

Look you know I can't offer you much in the way of information, I got people who are counting on me keeping this quiet.

ERIC

You gotta give me something, Frank told me to come here for a reason.

VINCENT

I tell you what, I'll give you a name but only if you promise to stop beatin up on my guys, I got a fuckin business to run and I can't do that if there always in hospital.

ERIC

I'll do my best.

Vincent leans forward, grabs a pen and rips some paper from a small notepad, he writes a name, we don't see it but Eric does.

Vincent slides the paper across the desk.

VINCENT

Anymore then that and I may as well
do the job for you.

Eric puts the paper folded up in his jacket pocket.

ERIC

Well Vincent, thanks for the drink
but it looks like I've got work to
do so I gotta go.

VINCENT

Eric...

As Eric get's up to leave Vincent calls him back, Eric turns
to listen.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

We are friends right? I mean as
much as people can be in our line
of work.

Eric smiles and turns away toward the door speaking as he
walks away.

ERIC

Your still alive Vinny, that's gotta
count for something.

Eric walks through the door from the office where Joe is
waiting, he holds out his hand and Joe looks to
Vincent, Vincent nods his head, Joe hands Eric his handgun
and magazine.

Eric leaves via the fire escape and as he walks down the
alley he places the magazine in his weapon and cocks it, then
places it around the back of his trousers and tucks it in his
pants.

INT. BAR

Eric is sat drinking a scotch, he looks deep in thought. His
hands seem to be fiddling with something. Minutes pass and he
gets up after finishing his drink to use the pay phone at the
back of the bar.

FRANK

Yep?

ERIC

Frank, we need to talk. I've got
some information.

FRANK

Where?

ERIC

Cable Car. One hour.

Eric places the receiver down and walks back to the bar to collect his coat. He puts it on and his hand picks something up from the bar, we just catch a glimpse of a business card with "FRANK MORGAN" written on the face. He leaves the bar to meet Frank.

EXT. SIDE STREET PAYPHONE - MOMENTS LATER

Frank makes a phone call, the man on the other end picks up the phone.

VINCENT

Yeah?

FRANK

It's all set up, I'm on my way to meet him now, I trust you held up your side of the bargain?

VINCENT

It's all in hand, and once this fucker is dead we're all settled you can be sure of that.

FRANK

Good, I'll come by once it's done.

VINCENT

Make sure it's a good job, I don't want any of this coming back to me in any way.

Vincent puts the phone down. Frank gets into his car and drives to the meet.

EXT. CABLE CAR STATION BASE - DUSK

Eric arrives at the cable car station, knowing he is the first to do so. He slowly makes his way onto the waiting car and embarks to the top of the cliff.

EXT. CABLE CAR STATION BASE - MOMENTS LATER

Frank turns up with a mysterious man, They stand for a second and speak and the mysterious man gets on the cable car to meet Eric at the summit.

EXT. CABLE CAR SUMMIT - CONTINUOUS

Eric is looking through some binoculars at the base of the cable car station, he views the conversation between the two men and watches the mysterious man enter the cable car, he puts down his bino's and speaks to himself.

ERIC

Frank, you asshole.

INT. CABLE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The mysterious man watches the summit the whole time he is in the cable car for signs of movement and spots the silhouette of a man on the brow.

EXT. CABLE CAR STATION SUMMIT - MOMENTS LATER

The mysterious man gets off the cable car and walks up to Eric stopping twenty metres short of him. Eric looks at the man but they share no emotion. There is a short pause before Eric speaks.

ERIC

Make it quick.

EXT. CABLE CAR BASE - CONTINUOUS

Frank is stood waiting for his mysterious friend to arrive back from the summit, seconds pass as he hears the cold snap of a gunshot echo over the mountains. In the distance he sees something fall from the top of the summit to the base of the mountain. The cable cars begin to move and it is obvious that he is waiting for the occupant.

EXT. CABLE CAR STATION BASE - NIGHT

Minutes pass as Frank waits for the cable car to reach the bottom, he does his best to try and alter his position to see if he can see who is on their way down.

It pulls into the station and the mysterious man gets off to the platform, Frank and the man exchange a brief encounter.

FRANK
(anxiously)
Is it done?

As the mysterious man begins to speak he walks forward into the view of the camera and we finally see his face. It's SAM from the airport.

SAM
It's done.

Sam pauses for a second and then walks up to Frank, Frank gives him a manila envelope sealed and Sam walks away exchanging no words.

Frank let's out a huge sigh of relief as if years of pain have been washed away. He looks to the cliff where Eric has fallen.

FRANK
goodbye old friend.

Frank buttons his coat and turns to walk away to his car believing his work is done.

EXT. CABLE CAR SUMMIT

We see the feet of a man, as we look closer more of the man is revealed until we see the back of his head, the man is looking down to the cable cars station where Frank is getting in his car. The man speaks making reference to Frank.

MAN
See you soon Frank.

As the man turns it's revealed that Eric is still alive, He has no coat on and as he walks away he looks down at the bottom of the cliff, it's his coat.

EXT. CAR UNDER BRIDGE - LATER

Sam is sat in his car waiting for somebody, the radio is on with news of the trial in the background, he seems interested in it, moments later a tap on the window brings him back to reality and he steps out the car to be greeted with a cold and shivering Eric. He goes to the boot and pulls a jacket identical to the one Eric had and hands it to him.

Eric puts it on and they get in the car. Eric warms his hands on the heating in front of him as they begin to talk.

ERIC

Did it work?

Sam hands him the manila envelope that Frank gave to him. Eric opens it up and explains aloud.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Target's at the hotel downtown, a few security but nothin too heavy.

Eric places everything back in the envelope and hands it back to the man.

SAM

So how do you wanna play this? We could go in loud and take him out then extract back to a safe location.

ERIC

Too many variables, catch the guy on a day where he has breakfast late and we're fucked, too many people around. It's gotta be quiet. Besides right now we got bigger problems.

SAM

Frank?

ERIC

I'll deal with frank soon enough, he'll get what's owed to him. Its Vincent that's the problem.

SAM

He'll come looking for you, you know that right?

ERIC

Oh I'm counting on it.

SAM

Listen if this goes south...

ERIC

Sam we've worked through every possibility, don't get soft on me now.

SAM

I'm just saying we need to be careful, as stupid as Vincent is he has a lot under his control, including a small army. The last thing we need is a war right now.

ERIC

His men are loyal but not to him, once his brother goes away he'll struggle to keep control, meaning a lot more death, not just for cops but for everybody caught in the crossfire. We can't let that happen.

Eric lights a cigarette and offers Sam one. Sam shakes his head.

ERIC (CONT'D)

For now let's just see where this goes, sometimes doing nothing is the most productive way.

Eric opens the car door and steps out, he closes the door behind him, he taps on the window and Sam winds it down, Eric leans into the car.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I'll check out this hotel, sit tight for a day or two, if anything comes up I'll let you know.

SAM

Just say the word.

Eric nods a friendly goodbye and Sam winds up the window and drives off. Eric walks in the opposite direction.

INT. BACK OFFICE

Vincent is sat speaking to a man, the room is empty and they both have alcoholic drinks in front of them as if they are celebrating something.

VINCENT

I can't believe you pulled it off, I take back most of what I said about you, but this still doesn't make us friends.

MAN

So we're all square? No more threats?

As the MAN speaks it's revealed that Frank is sat opposite Vincent sharing a drink.

VINCENT

we ain't ever gonna be square, but this is enough to save your life.

FRANK

that's all I want.

Vincent pours Frank and himself another drink from a decanter.

VINCENT

so where's the body? I wanna say goodbye to that prick.

FRANK

(Arrogantly)

He's currently lying at the bottom of a cliff by the CABLE CARS.

Vincent was just about to take a drink from his glass when Frank delivers the news. He stops and speaks.

VINCENT

Wait, wait, what do you mean?

FRANK

don't worry I saw him fall.

VINCENT

Frank, tell me you have seen his DEAD body...

Frank's attitude turns from arrogant to slightly nervous.

FRANK

well as good as, I watched him fall. Nobody could survive that.

Vincent becomes more and more angrily agitated.

VINCENT

You stupid motherfucker. Why couldn't you just shoot the guy like a normal person?!

Vincent calls his personal guard into the room.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

JOE! get in here, take some guy's and go to the National Park, check around the zip cars and find me a body. Get somebody at his hotel as well!

Frank starts to become unsettled.

FRANK

Listen, trust me...

Frank stops himself mid sentence, Vincent looks at him with piercing eyes as if they were weapons themselves.

VINCENT

You got 5 seconds to get the fuck outta here.

Frank tries to plead to Vincent's good side.

FRANK

come on...

As Frank speaks Vincent begins his countdown.

VINCENT

5...

It only takes one number for Frank to stand up and make his way hastily to the door. Vincent has one last word for him before he leaves.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Hey Frank.

Frank turns as the door is half open to listen.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Don't leave town.

Vincent slumps into his chair with his head in his hands.

EXT. OUTSIDE VINCENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sam is parked up the street. He watches Frank get in his car and leave. Joe makes his way out with 3 other men, they get in a 4x4 and leave. Sam takes out his phone.

SAM

They're on to it. Be ready. I'm gonna follow Frank.

ERIC

What?! I told you to do nothing
Sam!

SAM

I can't do that, he's gotta go Eric,
as soon as Franks gone we can move
on the plan.

ERIC

Sam, DO NOT follow him! Stay where
you are and I'll come to you.

SAM

Sorry brother, I'm doing it!

ERIC

SAM?....SAM?!

Sam puts his phone away and follows after Frank.

INT. ERIC'S CAR

Eric puts his phone away and starts his car, Speeding away
ducking between traffic, trying to make time.

EXT. CABLE CAR STATION BASE - NIGHT

The 4x4 pulls up. Joe and the men get out of the car and
start looking around. It doesn't take long for one of the men
to find Eric's coat.

GOON #1

(shouting)

Joey, over here.

Joe moves to his position, see's the coat and takes out his
phone.

JOE

Yeah boss, it's me. He ain't dead.

VINCENT (V.O)

Fucking Frank.

JOE

What do you wanna do?

VINCENT (V.O)

Call everybody in. We've gotta go
head on.

(MORE)

VINCENT (V.O) (CONT'D)

You find Frank and bring that
motherfucker back, he's gonna run.

JOE

Sure thing.

Joe starts to make another call.

EXT. HOTEL

Eric walks into the hotel from the cold. He speak to the
woman at the service desk.

ERIC

Excuse me, I'm in room 24, is there
anyway I could change rooms, my TV
doesn't work.

SERVICE CLERK

Can I take your name.

ERIC

ERIC JOHNSON.

SERVICE CLERK

ok just a second, room 24.

ERIC

I noticed the room next door is
empty, I don't want to have to move
my things too far is there any
chance of that room?

Eric flashes an uncomfortable smile toward the woman. She
smiles back and responds.

SERVICE CLERK

Of course sir.

ERIC

Thank you.

The SERVICE CLERK gives Eric a key card to his new room, and
he leaves.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

A MAN sat in the lobby of the hotel can be seen watching
Eric, as Eric leaves the man dials a number on his phone and
speaks to somebody.

MAN
He's back, just swapped
rooms....25. Must think he's
clever.

The man hangs up and leaves the hotel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Eric is packing his black holdall with everything from his wardrobe, he is calm and collected and seems in no rush.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Vincent is sat at his desk speaking to a room with around eight men with him.

VINCENT
I need this guy dead. Now he thinks
he's being clever but I know what
exactly what he's doing.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Eric checks his room, he goes to the curtains and closes them along with the blind, he takes a knife from the tea trolley and jams the handle into a plug by the bed, the lights in the room go off as this seems to have shorted the electrical fuse for the room.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Vincent is still addressing the room.

VINCENT
Keep it quiet and don't be too
messy, we don't want this getting
out, when it's done call me. And I
wanna SEE his dead body.

The men leave the room and Vincent lights a cigarette.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Eric leaves the dark room and enters the room next door. Once inside he takes his handgun from his draw and sits at the table. He pulls a cleaning kit from a small bag and begins to take apart his gun and wipe it down.

INT. GAS STATION CAFE - LATER

Frank parks his car and walks into the cafe, he sits down and orders a coffee. He seems anxious and looks around the cafe for signs of him being followed.

WAITRESS

You ok hun?

FRANK

Err...can I get a coffee and an omelette?

WAITRESS

Sure, coming up.

Frank, turns to a table in the corner, TWO MEN wearing black suits can be seen looking in his direction, they are identically dressed and look professional.

FRANK

(to WAITRESS)

Actually can I get that to go?

As Frank turns back to look at the table the men are gone, he turns back around and for a moment a look of relief is seen on his face. A few moments later two men are seen behind him and they both place their hands on his shoulders.

SUITED MAN #1

Hi Frank.

Frank's face turns from relief to fear.

SUITED MAN #2

We need to talk Frank.

The two men drag Frank from his chair and push him toward the toilet.

Once inside SUITED MAN #2 stands watch by the door.

SUITED MAN #1 throws Frank against the wall.

SUITED MAN #1

Spill it.

FRANK

What are you talking about?

Suited Man #1 grabs Frank and punches him in the abdomen.

SUITED MAN #1

If we know you're here then you can bet we ain't the only ones.

FRANK

Ok look, I'm just cleaning a few things up while I'm here, the job will be done soon.

SUITED MAN #1

Why did you do it? Are you fucking stupid?

FRANK

Fuck you! Twenty fuckin years I've been doing this job, I was doing this when you were still shittin in your diapers so you don't get to judge me.

SUITED MAN #1

There pissed Frank, They gave me orders. It's nothin personal.

Suited Man #1 pulls out a handgun and aims at Frank.

Joe enters the toilet, he looks at all three men.

SUITED MAN #2

Go somewhere else.

JOE

(excitedly)

Is that... is that FRANK MORGAN?

Franks eyes become wide with fear. As Suited Man #1 turns his gun on Joe, Suited Man #2 is struck by Joe. Joe has his gun in his hand and as Suited Man #1 turns he is shot once in the chest by Joe. He turns his gun on Suited Man #2 and shoots him as he pleads for his life.

JOE (CONT'D)

Tut tut Frank. You weren't trying to leave were you because I definitely remember my boss Vincent telling you not to.

Frank tries to make a break for the window but Joe spots this and raises his gun at Frank, Frank stops.

JOE (CONT'D)

Now Vinny told me not to kill you
but if you try to run I'll put one
in your head.

Frank turns and the two men leave the toilet stepping over
the dead bodies.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Eric is sat on the end of his bed with his handgun cocked in
his right hand. Staring forward seemingly focused and ready
for anything.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

A small group of men enter the lobby looking focused. The
service clerk shouts to them as they walk to the lift.

SERVICE CLERK

Hey excuse me, no parties, hey!

A security guard follows the men to the lift he is pushed
back by one of the men, the guard goes to reach for his gun
but the man at the front lifts up his jacket to expose a
silver handgun. The guard takes his hand from his weapon and
backs off, the lift doors close.

As the men reach the second floor the lift stops and opens,
the men pile out and rush down the corridor to a door towards
the end.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION CAFE - CONTINUOUS

As Frank is escorted from the cafe by Joe as car pulls up
just near to them but not close enough to be seen. Sam is
seen inside the vehicle spying on the two men.

As Joe bundles Frank into the back seat of a black 4x4 he
does his best to check around for any followers. Once he's
happy he get's in the drivers seat and leaves.

Sam makes a quick snap judgement and decides to follow the
car.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Eric hears the footsteps of a group of people, he stands up, cocks his handgun and faces the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

As the men outside the room prepare themselves to enter we catch a glimpse of the room number on the door, it says "25".

The man at the front of the group kicks the door and it swings open revealing a dark room. The group bundle in looking for Eric. One man tries the light but it doesn't work.

The number "24" can be seen on the front of a door as it opens, Eric steps from the room and walks toward the next room.

The shadow of a man is seen at the door to room "25", his arm twitches and he lets off a barrage of bullets, he hits a few of the men before they realise where it is coming from.

Eventually they begin to fire back, by this time Eric has moved from the doorway and is in the room, flashes of lights can be seen from each weapon as they fire at each other not sure which is Eric or which is part of the group.

If the lights were on we would see the plaster from the walls, glass from the windows and bits of dust flying around the room, the chaos continues as the firing goes on.

With each magazine used a member of the group is hit until the distinct sound of two weapons firing at each other can be heard.

Five to six rounds later and the firing stops. Moments later a dark figure can be seen crawling toward the exit, clearly in pain and clearly not Eric.

As he gets to the door he is met by the boots of Eric standing in front of him. The man looks up to Eric and speaks writhing in pain.

MAN

But...how?

ERIC

Did you think I wouldn't know you'd come? That was the whole point.

The man looks down and puts his head in his arms, almost as if he has given up and knows he has no way out. Eric points the handgun at the man and fires.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. SAMS CAR

Sam grabs his phone and makes a call of vital importance to Eric. Swerving in and out of traffic as he juggles his phone and the steering wheel.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

Eric is walking to his car as his phone rings. This is unusual as he know the only person to have this number is Sam.

SAM (V.O)
Eric, it's me listen, they've got Frank.

Eric stops in his tracks.

ERIC
Who?

SAM (VO)
Vincent's got him Eric. I'm on my way now, I'll send the location.

ERIC
Sam listen to me, do not go in without me, wait until I get there!

SAM (VO)
You got it.

Eric hangs up, gets in the car and speeds off.

EXT. MIKES MECHANICS GARAGE - DOWNTOWN - LATER

A black 4x4 pulls into a large mechanics garage.

Another car pulls in shortly after the first. Sam sits for a moment and watches Joe man handle Frank from the car and push him into the warehouse through the doors.

Sam sends a message to Eric. It reads;

MIKE'S MECHANICS. DOWNTOWN.

EXT. MIKES MECHANICS GARAGE - LATER - NIGHT

Sam is still waiting for Eric to arrive when two other cars pull up. Vincent steps out with a crew of men.

Sam sends another message to Eric.

INT. ERIC'S CAR

The display lights up on the dashboard with a new message from Sam. It reads;

VINCENT IS HERE.

Eric narrowly misses cars, swerving in and out of traffic.

INT. MIKES MECHANICS GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Joe and Frank are both stood in the middle of the garage. There are a number of other men in the room. LPG bottles of gas everywhere and greasy tools. Vincent walks in through the dark doors of the office into the room.

VINCENT

Ahhh Francis. What did I say? I told you not to leave town, and where do I find you?...

FRANK

I'm sorry Vinny I needed to get away, if it's true, and he's not dead then he'll be looking for me.

VINCENT

Oh I know he's looking for you Francis, he just killed 7 of my guys so by now he'll be looking for me too. The difference is he'll find you, I'm just trying to decide how many fingers I should leave for him.

FRANK

Vincent, come on. We're partners.

VINCENT

(angrily)

No no no! This was not a partnership, this was an agreement, an agreement Frank.

(MORE)

VINCENT (CONT'D)

One that you well and truly fucked up. So now not only do you owe me a hundred large plus interest, you owe me an apology for embarrassing me in front of my men.

Frank stands confused and replies.

FRANK

What do you mean?

VINCENT

Oh come on don't play fuckin dumb, you expect me to believe that once the job was done the people you work for were just gonna leave us alone?

FRANK

Vincent I swear I don't what your talking about.

VINCENT

To be honest with you Frank, I couldn't give a fuck if you knew what I was talkin about or not, I am passed the point of trying to be nice. The way I see it, I don't owe you or the people you work for nothin!

Vincent steps toward Frank and takes off his jacket handing it to one of his crew.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

It's time someone put you in your place, if you can't pay me what you owe, I'll take it another way.

Vincent punches Frank, he drops to his knees and is pulled up again by Joe and another member. Vincent punches him again and again.

EXT. MIKES MECHANICS GARAGE - DOWNTOWN - MOMENTS LATER

Sam is becoming annoyed as nobody is around outside guarding the place, he decides to enter the building

SAM

Fuck this.

With a quick bound he exits the car making no noise in closing the door and creeps to the buildings side door.

INT. MIKES MECHANICS GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Frank is on his hands and knees. He spits out some blood. Vincent delivers a swift kick to Frank's midsection. He lets out an agonised groan.

Vincent gestures to Joe. Joe walks to a car jack and begins to lift the back end of a beaten old Cadillac raising the two rear wheels off the floor. Another of Vincent's crew gets inside the car and switches on the engine.

VINCENT

It's the beginning of the end
Frank.

FRANK

What are you doin? What's that?

VINCENT

Any final words?

FRANK

Vinny look, I didn't mean for any
of this, we can work this out! I'll
get you the money!

VINCENT

Those are your last words? You
begged... ha ha Joe look at this
prick beg for his life!

JOE

Ha ha bring him over here and he
can beg some more!

Vincent nods to the men holding Frank, they drag him over to the car and lay him down with his head very close to one of the back wheels. The driver begins to rev the engine.

FRANK

(shouting)
Ahhh fuck you!

VINCENT

No Frank, fuck you! I gave you
every chance to help yourself and
you couldn't! I warned you this
would happen.

Joe thrusts Frank's head against the turning wheel, a loud and prolonged scuffing sound as the skin on Frank's head is burned off. You can almost see the steam from the heat of the wheel as Joe alternates Frank's head on and off the wheel giving enough time for Frank's screams to be heard.

INT. MANAGERS OFFICE - MIKES MECHANICS - MEANWHILE

Sam has made it through the side door to the managers office, Making very little noise. Franks screams become louder and louder and intermittent engine revving can be heard.

As Sam crouches by the door he looks through the window to the garage. Surveying the area before he goes in.

Sam composes himself and walks into the garage.

Joe is still thrusting Frank's head underneath the wheel, he looks up and see's Sam sauntering over. Joe stops, Vincent realises they have company.

VINCENT

Ah, you must be Frank's best guy?
Right on time.

As Sam walks closer his eyes flick left and right still surveying all around him for numbers.

SAM

Evening Frank.

Sam wryly waves at Frank.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'll cut to the chase and save us
all some time. I spoke to Eric.

VINCENT

Ooh yeah, was this before you threw
him off a cliff?

SAM

He wants to make a deal. We take
Frank, you walk.

VINCENT

YOU let me walk? Look around you,
in case you hadn't realised your on
your own. I'm not.

SAM

(arrogantly)

I had noticed, I know you have two
guys behind that car over there.

Sam points to two men crouched behind a car.

SAM (CONT'D)

I also know that you've got two guys outside waiting for anyone stupid enough to leave through that door.

Sam points again.

VINCENT

Well played.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

(to frank)

He really is good!

VINCENT (CONT'D)

But that don't mean shit, I've still got the numbers so there ain't nothin stopping me from killing your ass and frying Franks face on that tire.

SAM

Now, Vincent, we both know you've pissed Eric off enough already. Do you really want to make it any worse than it already is?

VINCENT

You know what I could never stand about your kind? You're all too far up your own fucking arses. You think you're the smartest guys in the fucking room and you can do what you want. Well I'm the fuckin boss here! This is MY town, these are MY people and you come in here tryin to tell me what to do?!

Frank begins to chuckle.

FRANK

(struggling)

D'you think this'll still be your town when 'your people' know what you did?

JOE

What's he talking about?

VINCENT

Mind ya fucking business and keep him down.

Vincent points to Frank who has started to wriggle.

SAM

(to Joe)

I wouldn't do that. If I were you,
I'd let him go. It'll end better
for you that way.

JOE

What's he talking about Vinny?

EXT. MIKES MECHANICS GARAGE - DOWNTOWN - CONTINUOUS

Eric pulls up. He knows he doesn't have much time.

He realises that Sam isn't in his car, he goes around the
opposite side to the entrance Sam used.

This takes him to the two men standing guard, instead of
keeping quiet Eric walks straight up to the men.

ERIC

Hey fellas, I'm Eric.

Before the men can realise what is happening Eric has seized
the opportunity and quickly dispatches the two men with silky
precision.

A couple of well placed punches and an elbow and the men go
down like the titanic.

Eric enters the door which leads him to the outer room of the
garage, the glass windows and thin wooden doors provide a
good platform for surprise as he can see the area before
hand.

INT. MIKES MECHANICS GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Sam, Vincent and Frank continue the argument.

SAM

Vincent, Eric will be here any
second, be smart. We both want
things out of this situation. You
can come out of this pretty well
off.

JOE

Vinny?! What the fuck does he keep
saying that for? What have you
done?

VINCENT

It's for the best Joe.

Eric is watching through the glass in the window and decides this is his opportunity to enter the room.

As the doors creak open the attention of everybody is drawn towards the figure of Eric entering the room.

ERIC

You gotta get better security Vinny.

VINCENT

Wow this shit just got interesting.

Eric gives Frank a dangerous glance.

ERIC (TO FRANK)

I see you've been busy pissing people off.

VINCENT

Can't you see I'm busy Eric, I'm trying to teach someone a lesson here, you wanna help?

ERIC

By all means don't let me stop you.

FRANK

Vincent please, I'm begging you.

Vincent gestures to Joe to kill Frank. Joe refuses.

JOE

I'm not doin shit until you tell me what he was talking about.

VINCENT

Who the fuck are you talking to?

Joe lets Frank go and he slowly stands.

JOE

We've been friends for a long time Vinny, I've done a lot of shit for you over the years. What the fucks goin on? Is it Michael?

Vincent's head drops.

JOE (CONT'D)

It is, you motherfucker!

Joe takes his gun from his trousers.

VINCENT

Careful Joe, don't do anything stupid.

FRANK

He set him up.

Sam and Eric share a knowing look between each other.

VINCENT

Look I did all of this for the good of the family, Michael was getting sloppy. His time had come.

JOE

Your own brother? You talk about everybody else having loyalty but you got none of your own, if you can do that to him what's stopping you from doing it to us?

Frank starts to edge away toward the door, Eric quickly realises and shows him his gun whilst shaking his head, Frank stops moving.

VINCENT

We all know your not gonna...

Before Vincent can finish his sentence Joe raises his gun and shoots Vincent between the eyes killing him instantly.

This takes everybody by surprise.

Eric and Sam look at each other trying to weigh up the situation and work out what to do next.

Joe looks at Vincent's body with blood pouring from his head.

JOE

Kill them...kill them all.

With these words men open fire on Sam and Eric, at this point Frank is already half way to the exit.

Eric and Sam take cover behind two separate concrete pillars, Joe leaves through the side exit.

Another group of men enter the building and begin to fire with shotguns, debris from concrete flying around the room.

With Eric and Sam pinned down, Frank makes his escape, picking up a handgun on his way out of the exit from one of the men Eric killed.

As he makes his way around the side of the building we flick to Joe who is lighting a cigarette outside his 4x4 oblivious that Frank is walking behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKES MECHANICS GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Still pinned down and unable to move Eric and Sam need to find a way from the building

Eric steps from cover after briefly composing himself firing two shots. Both hit the target causing the man to fall.

SAM (SHOUTING)

We gotta go after Frank. Give me some covering fire.

Eric turns and starts to fire but Sam seems too eager to impress.

ERIC (SHOUTING)

Sam where are you.....fuck!

CUT TO:

EXT. MIKES MECHANICS GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Frank is walking closer and closer to Joe who is now in his boot fiddling through a bag of weapons.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKES MECHANICS GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Eric is pinned down behind a pillar. He spots a chance to switch cover and dispatches two more GOONS.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIKES MECHANICS GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

CUT TO:

As Frank approaches Joe, Joe turns with a gun in his hand pointed towards Frank.

FRANK

Joe listen to me, either way we're both fucked if we don't get out of here now.

JOE

He was trying to set him up Frank and you were in on it, that's unforgivable.

Frank has his hands raised in front of him as a sign to Joe to calm down.

Sam comes round the corner and fires a volley of shots in the direction of the two men hitting the car and forcing Joe to fire back.

Sam takes cover behind some barrels.

As Joe's attention is drawn to Sam, Frank spots an opportunity to grab a gun from the back in the boot.

He turns and unleashes a whole magazine toward Sam.

Joe also realises he has a chance to make his escape and bundles himself in the car and drives away.

Realising Joe has gone Frank reloads.

Between magazines however Sam manages to break from cover and heroically walk toward Frank firing shot after shot, with each bullet getting closer to Frank.

Frank manages to reload in time to fire another group of well aimed shots at Sam hitting him.

Sam falls to the floor as Frank has a smile on his face.

Instead of fleeing the scene Frank walks to Sam to finish the job.

INT. MIKES MECHANICS GARAGE - MEANWHILE

Eric still pinned behind cover looks around for his escape.

He spots a gas canister propped up against the wall.

Giving himself covering fire Eric rolls towards the canister, picks it up and throws it in the direction of the gunfire coming his way.

He takes aim and fires one shot causing a gas explosion that ignites the wooden walls and everything within twenty meters.

This gives him enough time to make his escape.

As Eric leaves the garage coughing and spluttering he see's Frank standing over Sam pointing his automatic weapon at him.

Frank fires and finishes Sam off.

We see this from Eric's perspective and how distraught he is.

In anger Eric fires at Frank dangerously close to him.

Frank runs in the opposite direction round the side of the building and disappears.

Eric runs to Sam who is already lifeless on the ground. He reaches into his pocket and takes his wallet with his ID and a business card.

As Eric turns the card it reads:

"Frank Morgan"

ERIC

Fucking asshole Frank.

Eric looks at Sam one last time and says goodbye to his friend. He stands and walks away to his car.

By the time he reaches where he thought he had parked he realises it has gone.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Eric looks down at the card he found on Sam. He fumbles around in his inside pocket and pulls another business card out.

It reads:

"Vincent Santino"

ERIC (CONT'D)

I'm coming Frank.

Eric walks into the distance away from the crumbling garage in the background.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Frank is speeding away from the garage, barely able to hold his head up. He checks his mirrors to see if anyone has followed him from the shootout. Nothing. He smiles to himself, realising how lucky he is.

EXT. PRISON GROUNDS - DAY

Joe and Michael are walking together inside the prison grounds, an armed guard is walking behind them.

MICHAEL

What happened Joe?

JOE

Vincent is the reason your here,
your brother set you up Micky, the
cops were never supposed to be
there, he tipped them off.

MICHAEL

Motherfucker always wanted more
then he could handle. With me
locked up he gets everything. Fuck,
my own brother!

JOE

Does the name Eric mean anything to
you? I mean I know the guy and him
and Vincent seemed to have history.

Michael stops and looks at Joe with a fearful look in his eyes. They carry on walking.

MICHAEL

We stopped using him a couple of
years back, the guy is
uncontrollable.

JOE

Vinny tried to kill him but Frank
fucked it up. Things got messy and
now Eric is out there probably
looking for Frank.

MICHAEL

Poor fucker. Listen there ain't
nothin that can be done about of
that now, if he's goin after Frank
it's just a matter of time before
he comes after us...

They walk for a few seconds exchanging no words, Michael deep in thought.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Grab what's left of the guys and go
get the Juror.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Tomorrow is the day when this mess goes away, all you gotta do is keep him safe until then, make sure that if he does turn up you put a fuckin bullet through his head. I can't have him fuck this whole thing up because none of you are man enough to kill this prick.

JOE

Micky this guy is impossible to kill, he's already gone through about twenty of our guys so far.

MICHAEL

Then make sure you get more guys! I'm not staying here Joe, there's guys in here that work for other people, I won't last a week in gen pop. Pick him up and get it done.

Michael walks away and Joe is left with a worried look on his face. He sighs and walks away.

JOE

Fuck.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOTEL - LATER

Frank is stood, casually leaning against a wall, sipping a coffee. A pair of cheap sunglasses do a poor job of covering the scarring on his face. He is opposite Eric's hotel. There are several police cruisers and ambulances on the scene. Frank watches as officers attempt to deal with large crowds of bystanders.

FRANK

(muttering)

Jesus Eric.

The last of the ambulances pull away from the hotel. Frank returns to his car. On the front passenger seat is a black holdall. The sort of bag used for an overnight stay. Eric's bag. Frank goes through the bag but finds little of any note.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You really do expect me to do all the work huh.

After finding nothing helpful in the bag Frank starts the car and makes his way into the hotel car park, attempting to get a closer look at what is going on.

INT. ERIC'S CAR

Eric makes his way back into the center of town. As he does so a line of police cruisers, all with their sirens blazing, make their way in the opposite direction. Back towards the garage.

EXT. PAY PHONE

Eric is by his car making a call using the payphone.

MAN

Hello.

ERIC

We got a problem... Sam's dead,
Franks gone.

MAN

Shit, what happened?

ERIC

It doesn't matter, I've lost him!
You got guys watching him right?

MAN

We did, lost contact yesterday.

ERIC

(angrily)

GOD! FUCK! Now what?

MAN

First you gotta calm down, can't do
the job if your like this.

ERIC

Don't tell me to calm down, if I
don't find him soon that's it, he's
not stupid, we'll never see him
after this.

MAN

Have you got any ideas where he
might go?

ERIC

All I know is he's got my bag and
my car...

MAN

Ok, so listen, you've got the details you need to finish the job, leave Frank to us, we'll find him.

After a moment Eric realises something, it's unsaid but seems to have confirmed something to him.

ERIC

I err, I gotta go, I'll call you when it's done.

MAN

ERIC, what are you gonna do? ERIC?!

Eric puts down the receiver and gets back in his car. It starts and he drives away.

EXT. AIRPORT - CAR RENTAL BUILDING - LATER

Eric parks his car and makes his way to the airport entrance, once inside he checks around for security and walks toward the car rental companies main kiosk.

The airport is quiet and nobody is at the desk, with no way in its a waiting game for now.

Eric having no key for the door sits and waits. Moments turn into hours until a member of cleaning staff walk toward the door.

The key card slides and the door unlocks, the cleaner walks in but doesn't close the door behind him as its a self closing door.

Eric spots his opportunity and makes a dash for the door making it just in time to slide his hand down the side of the frame keeping the door from closing.

Once inside he goes into the office and sits at the desk using the computer.

He punches in the registration plate for his car, the car Frank has stolen. Up flashes the details of the customer renting the car, Eric Johnson.

To the bottom of the page is a button labelled;

"FIND LOCATION"

Eric clicks the button and a map pops up with the location of the car, a motel around 20km from the airport.

ERIC

Gotcha Frank, you fuck.

Hearing noises behind him he prints the page, closes the computer and sharply leaves the office back to his car.

EXT./INT. MOTEL 20KM FROM AIRPORT - MEANWHILE

Eric's car is parked outside a room, Frank is in room 3 tending to the wounds on his head, a bandage is wrapped around and poorly fixed using pins bought from the managers office.

The TV is on in the background as Frank tends to himself. He's half paying attention to the latest news of the trial.

REPORTER

After a week of deliberation we have word from a number sources that the jury have announced tomorrow as the day a decision will be made. For many it will come as no surprise that security will be at its highest tomorrow since the beginning of the trial. It's been a long two months here for everybody and I'm sure even Michael Santino will be thankful that this day has finally come.

FRANK

Send the fucker down.

EXT. MOTEL 20KM FROM AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

Eric pulls up, sits for a few moments just watching the hotel rooms as he doesn't know which room is Franks.

He spots the rental car that Frank stole parked by hotel room 3.

Seconds later Frank emerges from his room to get some ice from the machine outside. Eric's face lights up.

Frank goes back into his room after a quick check around outside.

Eric steps out of his car and walks to room 3. The hotel is quiet as it's late so many people will be asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM 3 - MEANWHILE

Frank is still in the bathroom tending to himself with the ice he took from the machine. He seems in surprisingly high spirits. As he peers around the bathroom door watching TV the door explodes open and bright light fills the room.

Emerging from the light is Eric. Frank cowers to the floor pleading for mercy.

FRANK

Eric, I know, I'm sorry, I didn't mean for any of this to happen, Sam wasn't supposed to...

Eric interrupts Frank.

ERIC

No your right, it was supposed to be me. Well Frank, I've got some news for you, in case you hadn't noticed. Sam IS dead, I'm still alive and your on your fuckin knees begging me not kill you. How did you think this was gonna go?

FRANK

I was in trouble, I needed the money, Vincent was my only way out.

ERIC

So who's idea was it?

Frank's head looks to the floor with disappointment.

FRANK

I'm so sorry Eric.

ERIC

Twenty fuckin years Frank!

Frank continues to look down.

ERIC (CONT'D)

You know when they told me it could be you I didn't believe them. I thought it can't be, he wouldn't do that to me. Then you go and use Sam. You know, he came to me before this even started. Of all the people you could fucking use. You tried to use him?

FRANK

He's the only one who could've got the job done.

ERIC

Is that supposed to be some sort of compliment?

FRANK

Eric, it was nothing personal. I had no choice. They wanted you out the picture, I wasn't in a position to argue with them.

ERIC

Wrong Frank. You had a choice. You just made the wrong fucking one.

For the first time we see that Eric is holding his gun by his side.

Frank spots the gun and begins to plead for his life.

FRANK

Eric come on, think about what your doing, I can help you, I know everything about the case, you need me.

ERIC

Your expendable Frank, always have been. Anyone can give me a name.

Eric raises his gun and points it at Frank who is still kneeling on the floor with his hands out in front of him.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Goodbye Frank.

FRANK

(frantically)

BUDAPEST!

Eric's finger moves from the trigger to the side of the gun, his eyes glaze as he daydreams.

FRANK (CONT'D)

BUDAPEST, I know what happened.

Eric's finger moves back to the trigger as he snaps back to reality.

ERIC
What the fuck are you talking
about?

FRANK
I'll tell you everything, just
please, please put the gun down.

Eric begins to lower the gun.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I was at lunch with a contact, I
got a call from my guy at the
hotel...

Eric's movements become more frantic and less focused on
Frank.

Frank spots his handgun on the bedside table and starts to
edge close.

FRANK (CONT'D)
It wasn't your fault, the hotel was
in on it, they opened the door for
him...

As Frank gets close to his gun Eric turns to see him move.

Frank stops in his tracks within arms reach.

ERIC
You motherfucker.

Frank smiles and lunges for the gun, Eric raises his arm and
fires off three shots in his direction.

All three hit the target.

Frank slumps behind the bed on the floor out of view of Eric.
As Eric walks around the bed to get to Frank and check his
body a shot rings out from Franks direction.

Instinctively Eric fires the rest of his magazine at Frank,
every shot hitting his body.

With Frank lying lifeless Eric gives a short sigh as if his
job were done. He removes a card from his pocket and throws
it on his body. It lands face up and reads;

"FRANK MORGAN"

ERIC (CONT'D)
That's for Sam.

Eric takes one last look at Frank and leaves.

He goes out to Franks car, opens the boot and opens the bag, inside is some clothing and an automated weapon with some extra magazines. Eric closes the bag and gets in the car driving off.

INT. BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

Joe is sat in Vincent's old chair, a group of loyal men stand around him as he addresses the room.

JOE

Tomorrow is the day Michael Santino, the head of this family comes home. To make sure this happens I need each and every one of you on top of your game, we have one small issue to resolve and we all know what I'm talkin about. At some point tomorrow Eric will turn up, we need to be ready for him.

GOON #1

Joey how are we supposed to be ready, the guys an animal.

JOE

You do whatever it takes, go home an fuckin play with yourself, I don't give a fuck how you prepare, just be there and be there on time! Micky's countin on us to get it right. Now if he's smart he won't hit us head on unless he's got some sort of death wish, keep your eyes peeled at all times and if you see anything you get on the phone to me and we take him out, no fuss. Now a lot has been said about Vinny the last few days... Fuck Vinny! No loyalty, you guys are the best guys we got so with that in mind...

Joe reaches into a bag under the desk and pulls out three tightly wrapped bunches of cash. Each with ten thousand dollars in.

He slams it on the desk and looks around the room.

JOE (CONT'D)

Thirty G's to the guy who kills this clown.

Smiles go off around the room like fireworks.

EXT. BAR - LATE NIGHT/EARLY MORNING

Eric is sat alone at the bar. A quiet, dirty dive of a place. He is drinking a scotch with ice.

It feels like a celebration for Eric. Going through the next days work in his mind.

On the table in front of him a card face up.

As he finishes his drink he stands up and leaves, revealing the name on the card.

"Vincent Santino"

FADE OUT.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - MORNING

Outside a bustling courthouse. Busy with reporters and bystanders waiting for the decision.

Police are standing by blockades re directing traffic.

A reporter is talking to the camera.

REPORTER

Today we will find out if Michael Santino has been found guilty of the murder of two police officers just a few weeks ago. Things have not been easy here since the jury retired to make the decision, we gave you a report a couple of days ago about the struggles between a handful of the members of the jury. It seems like one member is holding up the decision as he believes the defendant to be not guilty, meaning if they can't agree on a verdict the charges of murder will be dropped and the Santino family will have the head of the table back at the helm. We will be here all day bringing you all the latest on this news as it comes through.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - OPPOSITE HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Eric is sat looking out of the window with a mug of Americas best coffee.

People are going about their daily business but it seems he is waiting for someone or something.

A few sips later and he perks up, the mug goes down and his eyes catch something.

Flick to the outside of the hotel and we see a man we haven't met before, he has two men in tow at a bit of a distance, a car is waiting for him outside.

As Eric leaves the coffee shop the man gets in the back seat of the car and leaves the hotel.

Eric gets into his car and looks at his watch, waiting for the right time, he pulls off and tucks in nicely two cars behind him to make sure he isn't noticed.

CUT TO:

INT. JURORS CAR - MEANWHILE

Calmly driving along blissfully unaware that anything is happening. Stopping at every red light and stop sign.

Listening to classical music and humming along.

DRIVER

We just gotta make a pick up quick.

JUROR #3

Ok man but we can't be late I gotta be there by twelve.

DRIVER

We'll get you there.

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC'S CAR

Still slowly and stealthily following the car in front, every turn they take he makes sure he doesn't get too close to them to be spotted.

He turns the radio on at a stop sign, news of the trial is on. Eric screws his face and sighs and then turns the radio off.

CUT TO:

INT. JURORS CAR - MEANWHILE

The jurors car turns down a side road and drives on to the end.

The car pulls up at the end and waits, a few seconds pass and Joe get's into the car with the juror, just before he closes the door he gestures and waves his arm to a few other men.

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC'S CAR

As the car pulls off we see Eric sat in his car, he uses the on board satellite navigation system and checks a possible route, as he spots a junction he taps the screen with a forceful push.

He pulls a cigarette from his jacket and lights it, at this moment he drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. JURORS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe and the Juror are sat next to each other in the back of the car. We can see the driver look in his rear view mirror after noticing something.

DRIVER

Joey.

The driver nods his head in the direction of the car behind him.

JOE

Everything is gonna be fine, we got
guys front and rear.

We also see that in front of the car is another car, identical to the car behind. All driving in convoy.

INT. ERIC'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Eric pulls up down the side of what looks like a disused industrial estate. After getting out of the car he grabs the bag from his boot and pulls an automatic weapon from a bag.

He gives the weapon a professional wipe down and checks the ammunition he has with him.

He then closes the boot and gets back in the car putting the weapon on the passenger seat.

INT. JURORS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe and the other two cars in the convoy pull up at some traffic lights at a four way junction, the men inside the jurors car looking out of the window at some of the empty and derelict building in the nearby industrial estate.

The lights turn green and the lead car pulls off going straight through the junction.

Suddenly the quick and very loud almost deafening sound of a car engine revving, a car slams into the side of the lead car totalling the vehicle completely leaving it on its roof.

The car causing the accident smoking in front of the middle car, the jurors car.

Suddenly the door opens and out steps Eric, his head popping up above the drivers side of the roof. Joe and Eric briefly make eye contact and all of a sudden Eric pulls an automatic weapon from inside the car pointing it at the jurors car.

JOE
(shouting)
Fuck, kill the son of a bitch!

Eric unleashes a torrent of shots toward the car, a few men step out and fire back, Eric hits one guy and kills him, the other taking cover.

Joe shepherds the juror out of the car and toward the car at the back of the convoy, they both get in the back and the driver tries to drive away through the blockade.

JOE (CONT'D)
Go let's go, run the fucker down.

In this time Eric has managed to dispatch the remaining men from the lead car and the jurors car.

This gives him enough time to spot the getaway

Once the car comes within a good range Eric shoots out the front right tire and the car skids off the road into the side of a building.

Eric always the professional begins to reload his weapon as he walks toward the car.

The juror and Joe both stumble out of the car, bloodied and bruised.

Eric lifts up his weapon all prepped and ready to fire pointed at the juror.

Suddenly shots ring out from behind him, one of the men from the lead car.

Eric turns and fires back downing the man quickly.

As he turns back Joe and the Juror already half way through the door to a building.

Eric enters the building and makes his way to the stairs, as he looks up the sound of the juror running to the top floor can be heard.

Eric turns back and walks to the lift, presses the button and waits.

The doors slide open after a few seconds and steps inside. He then presses the button and waits.

This particular type of lift has a display above the door, it counts from one, two, three as Eric goes higher and higher.

The juror reaches the top floor and slams open the fire exit to reveal an open terrace, he runs and hides as quickly as possible.

The doors to the elevator ping open, Eric stays in the lift for a second and uses his weapon to poke out and look around the corner.

The display on the elevator reads "18".

All clear, he makes his way to the fire exit which is swinging back on itself to close.

Kicking the door open he makes his way onto the roof.

The door swings back toward him hitting the weapon from his hands and taking him off guard.

Joe comes from behind the door and points a handgun at Eric.

Smiling Eric speaks.

ERIC
Good to see you kid.

JOE
 Fuck you old man. Not so tough
 without a gun huh.

JUROR
 Joey just kill him and we can go,
 we're gonna be late.

JOE
 I'm gonna enjoy this.

Joe starts to pull the trigger...

ERIC
 You spoke to Micky lately?

Joe's finger becomes less tense and moves further from the
 trigger. He seems intrigued.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 Oh wow, you don't know.

JOE
 (awkwardly)
 Know what?

ERIC
 Who do you think set this whole
 thing up? Either way Micky goes
 down with or without this prick...

Eric points to the juror.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 You really think Vinny was good
 enough to run the family with Micky
 gone?

JOE
 Nah your fuckin lyin! Micky would
 never set up his brother.

ERIC
 Joe, he set you all up, with all of
 you gone Micky get's a reduced
 sentence... He knew his brother
 would set him up, we all knew!

JUROR
 Joe just shoot him, we gota go!

Joe looks at the juror then back at Eric.

JOE

So what now? You kill us both and Michael goes down, you said it yourself, either way he's gone so you've done your job.

ERIC

I can't let you leave Joe...

Joe raises his gun and points it back at Eric.

JOE

Well I'm the one holdin the gun here so unless your a fuckin wizard, I'm pretty sure I'll be leaving this building first.

The Juror reaches underneath his jacket and starts to fiddle with something.

ERIC

Do what you gota do.

As Joe's finger tickles the trigger of his gun, the juror pulls his own chrome gun and fires in the direction of Eric and Joe.

The bullet fizzes past Eric and hits Joe in the stomach, he falls to the ground and his gun lands at the feet of Eric.

Never one to miss an opportunity Eric picks it up and turns it on the juror.

JUROR

Fuck.

CRACK...

The noise of a gunshot echoes out, causing birds to fly from the rooftop.

As we see a view of the smoking cars below the building it's quiet, seconds pass and the juror falls on top of his car from the eighteenth story. Caving in the roof and causing extra damage to an already written off vehicle.

Eric walks to the edge of the rooftop and looks down giving one last comment before the job is done.

ERIC

Think I just broke my record.

Eric walks back to Joe who is clutching his stomach and writhing in pain.

As Eric is stood over him they meet eye contact.

JOE
 (painfully)
 Is it true? What you said about
 Micky?

ERIC
 If I said yes would you believe me?

JOE
 Fuuuuuck! Why man?!

ERIC
 It's my job...

As the conversation ends Eric raises the gun and fires a round through Joe's head.

As he walks away he pulls a card from his pocket and throws it over the side of the roof.

As it flutters down to the floor it lands on the roof of a car on top of the dead body of the juror.

The card says "JOE".

CUT TO BLACK.

NEWS REPORT ON TV FILLS THE SCREEN.

ANCHORMAN
 It's been two weeks since the guilty verdict on Michael Santino, as he spends the next 30 years of his life in prison police are still investigating the mysterious death of one of members of the jury. Many conspiracy theorists are claiming that he was murdered due to his ties with the Santino Crime family but without evidence police are unable to prosecute any suspects. In other news...

Whilst the report is on the screen becomes smaller and the room its in becomes visible.

Once the report is finished a hand holding a remote control turns it off.

Revealed are 3 men sat in an office, one seems to be the boss sat in his expensive leather chair. The other men are sat opposite listening.

The room they are in is smartly presented with leather chairs and book cases filled with thick books.

In the corner of the room is an American flag on a pole draped down.

On the desk is a decanter filled with expensive scotch and three glasses each in front of the men. Two of which have one ice cube floating inside. One does not, Eric's.

Two of the men are older gentlemen and the other a young fresh faced looking twenty to thirty year old.

One of the older men speaks.

BOSS
Congratulations Eric.

The men raise a glass and take a sip, Eric drinks the whole glass and slams the glass down on the table.

The two look at him.

ERIC
What?...

The men ignore the comment and carry on.

BOSS
Eric I want you to meet someone,
this is Frank, your new handler.

The men shake hands.

ERIC
Good luck kid.

BOSS
(to newbie)
You got a lot to live up to.

BOSS (CONT'D)
(to Eric)
Make him feel welcome, take him
out, bond. Do whatever it is you
guys do to trust each other.

ERIC
What's next?

The Boss slides a manila envelope across the desk to the two men.

The young newbie reaches for it but is quickly stopped by Eric who grabs it before he can reach.

He doesn't open it but swiftly puts it in his inside coat pocket.

Eric and the young newbie stand and turn for the door.

The Boss speaks to Eric just before he leaves the room.

BOSS

ERIC!

Eric turns as he opens the door.

BOSS (CONT'D)

You thought about retirement?

ERIC

I'll retire when I'm dead!

Eric smiles and leaves the room with his new handler.

EXT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Eric walking to his car with the newbie. Excited and brimming with confidence the newbie talks to Eric asking him questions.

NEWBIE

So how does this work, this is my first assignment.

ERIC

I can see I'm gonna have to do all the work.

NEWBIE

I'm willing to learn, I know my job is keep you safe and get you as much info as possible.

ERIC

That was the last guys job...

NEWBIE

What happened to him?

As the men reach the car and begin to open the doors Eric delivers a shocking revelation to the newbie.

ERIC
I killed him.

Eric gets in the drivers seat.

The young newbie stands for a second and then gets into the car.

As Eric starts the car the newbie has one last question.

NEWBIE
So where we goin?

Eric turns to the newbie and smiles, for the first time a smile that seems genuine like he's at peace.

ERIC
Do you drink scotch?

CUT TO BLACK.